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GAËTANO DONIZETTI.

In 1815 a young man might have been observed toiling along the high road towards Bologna; he oft turned to throw a glance, from time to time, on the walls of Bergamo, the native city he was then quitting for the first time. If a tear coursed its silent way down his youthful cheek in remembrance of the dear father, of the adored mother he was leaving behind him, it was speedily chased thence by the sun-smile of Hope with which alternately his face grew radiant, that smile of Hope, the natural offspring of every young aspirant bound on the unknown yet bright road—to Futurity. Besides, the sun of Italy is so transcendent, the air so pure and light to the lungs of seventeen! and, how eager the pinions of Liberty, when they essay their virgin flight! These mingled feelings, did they not of themselves constitute happiness? Our youthful traveller also, was he not happy? O, truly happy! he was young, handsome, and well-provided, and he dreamed the golden day-dream of Glory, Honor, and Wealth. Yet how far was he from appreciating the real happiness he then possessed; lost as he was in the Future, and the realization of his reveries.

In 1847, a carriage, carefully closed, entered Bergamo; within it reclined a man of sad and melancholy appearance; his vacant looks portrayed the profoundest grief; and his sombre visage

was not relieved by the faintest ray of mind or intelligence. This living corpse which returned to its native city, was that of the young man who left it thirty-three years before, so rich in Hope for the Future. Moreover, his then dreams had been realized; Glory, Honor, Riches, all he had obtained; the world resounded with the praise of his name; kings and crowned heads had disputed for the honor of bestowing their Orders of decoration upon him, and of overwhelming him with their favors; every country had poured forth her gold and her laurel-wreaths as the reward of his Muse; was not all this the happiness he had dreamed of, he had aspired to?—But, at what price had he purchased it? his life would not have sufficed—he had bartered for this—his soul! The mind had given way beneath its overload of daily—of nightly—of hourly toil. Donizetti expiated in agony and suffering, mental as well as bodily, the pleasures he had furnished for thirty years to the intellectual and civilized World.

The examples of longevity amongst musical composers are of the rarest. Mozart, Weber, Cimarosa, Herold, Bellini, Mendelssohn, only proved, by their premature death, what must be the result of over-assiduous labor, and how the Art of Composition, oft-times so vain in its results, becomes serious in its practice. Of all the sister Arts, this is that which exacts the greatest amount of soul-offering from the devotee at its shrine. The inventive faculties cannot disperse themselves into or express themselves by the chisel or brush, as is the case with the Painter or Sculptor. To know how to compose, is to know how to subdue a fever, an *estro*, and apply it to Music—but this fever, have it who will, if it be deficient in you, you do not compose; ideas fail you, you think you originate, but you merely imitate, or make a piece of mosaic work; if, on the contrary, this *estro* attack you too often, you die: you die at thirty or at forty years of age; you have completed twenty or thirty lyric dramas, or a superb religious work; your contemporaries proclaim you as "a great man." Ten years after your death, not one note of your compositions is executed: twenty years—and they laugh those to scorn who dare still to cite your name: and your successors rise in the meridian and set with equal swiftness. Is not this a chronicle of nearly all composers, especially of those of Italy? Look, besides, at the painful struggle, which marks a theatrical career anywhere, especially that in Italy!

There is one thing granted in that country to the aspirant, if we are to put trust in public memoirs and private rumors, viz: opportunity; but this, with fatal drawbacks. The *Maestro* must have his talent at his pen's point; be prepared to illustrate any text, however rapid or absurd; to be serious or comic as the Manager pleases; to study the caprices of singers of every order of caprice, and what is more, the fashion of the hour, whether it be the flourish of a Rossini or the *cantilena* of a Bellini. For, that the public is in some sort indifferent to what is new, or at least declared to be so, by all who cater for its en-

tertainment, is a fact well known to all who have had dealings with managers and artists; the former having for ever the word—"impossible!" in their mouth when any experiment is proposed; the latter rarely sure or hopeful of any effect, unless it be the repetition of some popular *cantabile* or *bomba*. In this we have one element of stage decline, which has never been duly examined, and still less grappled with. To return, however, to the special result of it under consideration,—the wonder seems, under all circumstances, not that so few Italian composers should be original, but that their works should manifest a single taste of novelty. It is observable that at least seven or eight operas were written by the composer under notice, before a symptom of style was revealed; and it was not till after the production of "*Anna Bolena*," "*L'Esule di Roma*," and "*L'Elisir d'Amore*," that he was admitted to take rank among the best of the Opera-writers who supply the Carnivals and Fairs with so-called novelties. On examination of these works, some speciality of merit must be admitted by all save the perversely bigoted. It will be found, that, besides admirable writing for the voices, there is an unusual variety and correctness in the instrumentation.

In Italy, it is sad to say, they do not cultivate the endearing faculty of remembrance; the operas of Verdi by right of their noise, could but be considered as fit antecedents to the roar of the artillery which so recently out-clamored them on the Lombard plains—and the dog-star Verdi has nearly already obliterated the serener planet Donizetti.

Gaëtano Donizetti was born at Bergamo in 1798. His father, holding an honorable municipal office, destined his son to the study of the Law; but, it was prognosticated that the young Gaëtano would become an artist, and his early inclinations and tastes directed his attention to Drawing and Painting. These lighter occupations displeased his father; the son combated the father's wishes, which were for making him a lawyer; the father combated the son's desire to enter the Architectural profession; a compromise between the two was effected; the one gave up the desk; the other the T square; and it was agreed that Gaëtano should become a musician.

He was at first placed with Simone Mayer who then resided at Bergamo. Spite of some already established and undisputed successes, Rossini had not as yet seized and appropriated wholly to himself the sceptre then jointly shared between Paër and Mayer. These instructions, therefore, of one of the first men of his day, were doubtless a great boon to the young Donizetti. Mayer, not slow in acknowledging and appreciating the intuitive aptness of his pupil for the Art, entertained such a sincere friendship for him, that he never addressed him otherwise than as his "dear son." He would not as yet suffer him to undertake studies of too abstruse a nature,—and violently opposed that wish of his family which was for sending him to Bologna to receive the instructions of the Padre Mattei, a learned contrapuntist, the pupil and successor of the famous Padre Martini.

After three years of study, Donizetti was considered to be fairly launched in the career that it was his destiny to run through with so much éclat. He made his *debut* at Venice in 1818, by a work, entitled "*Enrico di Borgogna*," which obtained so much success, that he was entrusted with another commission for the same city against the following year. After producing his "*Il Falegname di Livorno*" at Mantua in 1819, he visited Rome, where in 1822, the good reception given to his "*Zoraide di Granata*," not only procured him an exemption from the conscription, but also the honor of being carried in triumph to, and crowned at the Capitol. His immediately succeeding works, which followed one another without interruption, may be looked upon as only signaling that bright epoch of Donizetti's Art-career, in which he but distinguished himself as a happy imitator of the Rossini school. It was not until 1830, that this composer's especial individuality discovered itself in his "*Anna Bolena*," produced at Milan, and which met with the greatest success. This famous work, composed expressly for Pasta and Rubini, was first presented in England on the occasion of Pasta's benefit in July 1831. The *libretto* of the piece possesses better poetry than the common run of *libretti* since the days of Metastasio; but the plot is meagre to a degree, although fiction has been freely called to the aid of historical matter-of-fact. In representing the unhappy Queen, Pasta had an opportunity of uniting in the same part, the prominent beauties of every character in which she had previously distinguished herself, displaying by turns, the most elevated dignity, the tenderest melancholy, and the sweetest pathos. Although forcibly reminded of Medea, Desdemona, and Nina, no direct resemblance might be found to either of those characters—the likeness being no other than that which must necessarily exist in a perfect representation of those passions. The part of Jane Seymour was on this occasion sustained by Mme. Gay, a thin wiry Soprano, and that of Smeaton by Mlle. Beck, a pleasing, but young and inexperienced Contralto. Lablache looked and acted the bluff tyrant admirably, and his singing was in his very best style.

In 1835, Donizetti visited Paris for the first time, and there produced his "*Marino Faliero*," which work did not obtain the real success that it deserved; Donizetti made but one bound from Paris to Naples; where he produced the same year "*Lucia di Lammermoor*," an opera destined to make the tour of, and spread its author's reputation through, all continental Europe. The failure of "*Marino Faliero*" may be, we think, ascribed to the mismanagement of the *libretto*, which according to* established Opera-fashion, goes as far and foolishly astray from the drama already written, as the story would possibly allow it. The Dogaresa is here provided with a lover, and, what is worse, turns out, by her own confession, to be what "the ribald Steno" had declared her,—thus, taking away the offence of his calumny, as well as destroying the chaste, but not cold loftiness of the character as it stands in Byron's drama. In "*Marino Faliero*," as in Donizetti's other operas, there are to be found spirited and characteristic passages; as, for instance, the opening chorus among the arsenal workmen, which is energetic and stirring; also, the quaintly national gondolier chorus at the commencement of the second act; and the duet between the Doge and Israele Bertucci, if not original, is extremely well written. His two subsequent productions, the "*Lucia di Lammermoor*" and "*Belisario*," made their appearance in England somewhat in reverse order; viz. the "*Belisario*" in the April of 1837, the "*Lucia*" in that of 1838. With regard to the former work, the *libretto* follows the original story, about as nearly as "opera-wrights" usually agree with historians. The music may certainly be quoted as "below par"—its original performance in England, (with the exception of Gianoni's very impressive acting and singing in the part of Antonia) was quite a-piece with the music. A Signor Inchindi, not long previously a favorite *basso* at the Opera-Comique of Paris, made his *début* in the

principal part. The most extended stretch of charity could not make us "give one obolus" of praise to his "*Belisario*." Subsequently produced for Castellan and Fornasari, this opera failed "to draw." The arrival of Signori Rubini and Tamburini and the fame of Mme. Persiani's success in the "*Lucia*," drew together a large auditory to witness the first representation of that opera in 1838. It must be confessed, that as a whole, in spite of our then great orchestral advantages, this work was received far more coolly here, than in Paris. There is a concerted piece in the second act, "*Chi raffrena al mio furore*," which has a sweet and flowing melody, and Rubini's last air was worked up by him into a marvel of expression, whence it may be praised as offering the artist a fair canvas on which he may labor—of which opportunity artists have since fulsomely availed themselves; but beyond these points, and a chorus at the opening of the marriage-scene, we cannot and ought not to specify any piece as of especial moment. Rubini of course was Ravenswood,—Tamburini—Sholto Ashton. In the course of the metamorphosis of a Waverly novel into a peg for Donizetti's music, Sir William Ashton has disappeared *in toto* together with his lady-wife, besides other characters who chequer so impressively the web of the original story; Bucklaw, however, is spared—and was spared on this especial occasion for Signor Tati, who made him as coarse and disagreeable as laird could be in reality, and interpolated an air from "*Zelmira*" to show his powers; a proceeding remarkably unwise when Rubini was singing and had to sing. Signor Morelli of pains-taking memory made his appearance as bide-the bent, and did his duty in good tune and with great propriety.—Subsequently we have had other "*Lucias*:" Mme. Castellan, Mme. Frezzolini, and Mlle. Lind, whose entirely new and impassioned reading of the character won her in this country the brightest leaves of her many-laurelled wreath.

An opera written for Rome in 1833, entitled "*Il Furioso*," or, "*L'Isola di S. Domingo*," was given by the Lyceum opera-Buffa company in 1836, and introduced to this country Signor F. Ronconi (brother to the Ronconi): he was young and full of promise as an actor as well as a singer, his voice being a baritone of peculiarly agreeable quality;—but a Signora Luini, of whom, (owing to previous newspaper-paragraphing) great expectations had been formed, on this occasion made her last, as well as her first experiment in London. The opera (a weak one) in consequence of this failure, was never repeated.

In 1840 our composer revisited Paris; where, in a single year, he produced in succession "*I Martiri*" (*Les Martyrs*), "*La Fille du Regiment*," and "*La Favorite*." It is a curious fact, that not one of these works then achieved a decided success. "*Les Martyrs*," of which the *libretto* was founded on the "*Polyeucte*" of Corneille, turned out to be the re-production of an opera formerly brought forward at Naples for Nourrit, and, moreover, a performance which the Censorship had interdicted. "*La Fille du Regiment*" fared but little better at the Opéra-Comique; the after-translation of this piece into every language, and its concurrent representation on all the boards of Europe, sufficed to convince Donizetti, that in judgment of the work, the Parisian public gave an erring verdict; the well-known delineations by Mmes. Lind and Sontag of the bright *Virgandière*, and the continental reputation of Mlle. Zoia in the same character, are of too recent moment to need recapitulation here. The year 1839-40 witnessed the rise and fall of the Théâtre de la Renaissance; the passing popularity of this house was due entirely to a translation of the "*Lucia*." The directorship had requested an original work at Donizetti's hands, and he had just completed for that purpose his "*Ange de Nigida*," when the establishment closed its doors. The (then Royal) Academy having solicited also another score from the popular *Maestro*, he presented them with "*Le Duc d'Albe*," the subject of which, however, not pleasing the management, its production was set aside. Winter, nevertheless, was drawing nigh, and a new opera must be forthcoming; the directors begged of Donizetti his "*Ange de Nigida*," of

which there were but three acts; nothing remained for Donizetti, but to re-write the whole of the principal *soprano* part, at first intended for the light, airy voice of Mme. Thillon, and suit it to the exigencies of Mme. Stolz's hard and declamatory *mezzo-soprano*; moreover, an entire act had to be added—viz: the fourth. All this was merely play-work to our fertile genius; the commencement of the rehearsals was almost contemporaneous with the drama itself—and all the music was composed in a less period of time than it took the artists to commit it to memory. As it is eminently characteristic of "the man," let us here narrate how this fourth act of "*L'Ange de Nigida*" (*La Favorite*) was composed; the act in question being in itself a *chef-d'œuvre*, and universally acknowledged as such. Donizetti had just dined at the table of one of his best friends; he was refreshing himself with his favorite beverage, a cup of coffee, the aroma of which precious berry he partook of, almost intemperately, in every possible shape, hot, cold, *en sorbet*, *en bonbon*, etc.:—"Dear Gaetano," said his friend, "it grieves me to treat you with so little ceremony, but my wife and self are under an unavoidable engagement to pass the evening from home; we shall be therefore obliged to deprive you of our company; farewell, then, till the morrow." "O, must I go then?" replied Donizetti, "and so comfortably as I am off, enjoying myself over your super-excellent coffee! Do you attend the *soirée*, and leave me here by the fireside; I am just in working cue; they have only to-day sent me my fourth act, and I am certain to have finished a large portion of it ere I retire." "Be it as you wish," answered his friend, "make yourself quite at home, and here are writing materials in abundance; adieu, then, once again, until to-morrow, for we shall probably return very late, and long after you have left,"—it was then about ten o'clock; Donizetti sat down to his task; and by the time his friends came home, at one in the morning, he saluted them with "Look you here! have I not well employed my time? I have finished my fourth act." With the exception of the cavatina "*Ange si pur*," which originally belonged to "*Le Duc d'Albe*," and the *andante* of the duet, subsequently added at the rehearsals, this entire act had been composed and committed to paper in the short space of three hours! It would have been wrong to have predicted the ultimate success which awaited "*La Favorite*" from that which attended its first representations. The simplicity of portions of the music seemed "*mesquine*;" the national melodies which it contained were adjudged as being "cold;" and the famous fourth act itself was at first esteemed as somewhat *outré*! What success it did then meet with, was, therefore, rather due to the talent of Duprez, Barroilhet (his first appearance,) and Mme. Stolz, than to the merit of the work itself. Mme. Stolz, indeed, appeared to far greater advantage in that, than in any of her after-creations. The "*Favorite*" succeeded but moderately, without *éclat*, and in the language of the side-scenes, "did not draw," until a *dansseuse*, till then unknown, and who had but appeared on one occasion at the Renaissance, was transported, like "*La Favorite*" itself, to the boards of the Academy, and made her *début* in a *pas* introduced in the second act of this opera. The success of the dancer was great, that of the opera itself became colossal; people came at first for the dancing, but went away enraptured with the music. "*La Favorite*," at last, by this casualty, set fairly swimming on the tide of public favor, has since maintained its position as one of the most attractive and permanent works in the repertory of the French Grand Opera.

After visiting Rome, Milan and Vienna, and bequeathing a lyric drama to each of these cities—Donizetti again returned to Paris in 1843, and there composed "*Don Pasquale*" and "*Don Sebastien*." The immense favor with which the former was received quite negated the failure of the latter, which failure, must, however, be attributed to the long and painfully lugubrious scenes of funeral pomp, which chilled and deadened in their shroud-like draperies strains worthy of a far better fate; indeed, portions of "*Don Sebastien*," may be said to exhibit music of a far better order

* At least, then established opera-fashion, Scribe and Meyerbeer have now set a better example.

than any of his many compositions. This was the penultimate opera of Donizetti; he subsequently, in 1844, produced his "*Catarina Cornaro*" (the last) at Naples; and then returned to Vienna, where he sometime held the situation of *Kapellmeister* to the imperial Court. There it was he composed and produced his *Miserere*, than which a poorer attempt has rarely been seen, and rarely a work more guiltless of design. No doubt the required conciseness amounted to a serious difficulty; but, assuredly something more than mere correctness might have been attained with such unlimited power of orchestra and chorus as the *Maestro* had at command.

In 1845 came his last and fatal visit to Paris, whither he brought the now first-developing seeds of that malady to which ere long he was destined to succumb. In a short time, his friends remarked with alarm the symptoms of intellectual decay: the attacks became at length more frequent, and proportionately increased so much in intensity, that it was found necessary to place him in an Asylum at Ivry, which he entered at the end of January 1846: he remained an inmate of this establishment until the month of June 1847, when he was transferred to a similar habitation at Paris, in the Avenue Châteaubriand. The approaching winter caused his medical advisers to fear the northern inclemency for their illustrious patient; they hoped his native air would have a more favorable influence upon his health. He quitted Paris in September; but scarcely was he arrived at Brussels, when he sustained a most violent attack of paralysis; his reason suffered a further diminution, the melancholy which prostrated him assumed a more desperate and incurable character, and his ceaselessly flowing tears seemed to pour forth in unconscious regret at quitting France, the fostering land he was never destined to see again.

He was received at Bergamo by his excellent friend, the *Maestro* Dolci. Here, a new attack of paralysis seized him on the 4th of April, 1848, and he finally expired on the 8th of the same month, surrounded by his disconsolate home friends, and lamented by the larger and more extended circle of his appreciators and admirers in the world without.

Donizetti thus died three years older than the century; the number and sequency of his operas (almost past reckoning) we give hereafter, but the following are those that keep the stage in London and Paris: "*Anna Bolena*," "*Lucia*," "*Marino Faliero*," "*Parisina*," "*La Favorite*," "*Maria di Rohan*," "*Linda di Chamouni*," "*Gemma di Vergy*," "*La Fille du Régiment*," "*L'Elisir d'Amore*," "*Don Pasquale*," and "*Betty*." Adding those which are still performed in Italy, we believe that a score would comprise all that are in favor, from amongst the four-and-sixty musical dramas which the composer threw off within no very long period. It would be idle to criticise his works severely, the wonder is that they contain so much real music, in the shape of fresh melody, and fairly correct orchestral writing. We refer to the second act of "*Marino*" with the *barcarolle* and *scena* for the tenor; to the brisk and *gaillard* tunes of "*La Fille*" (which Mendelssohn was once heard to defend in a fashion little less lively, against some ponderous classical critics)—to the fourth act of "*La Favorite*"—to the quartet and serenade in "*Don Pasquale*"—in proof of the assertion that, as compared with his successor Verdi, Donizetti was a sound and charming composer. It was his good fortune to write in turn for Pasta and Grisi, for Duprez, Rubini, and Lablache, (no opera of his do we call to mind as containing a great *contralto* part;) and it ought to stand for praise, that all the operas thus produced have proved strong enough to remain in request, apart from the particular artists, for whose express exhibition they were composed. In short, though Donizetti's death can only be recorded as a welcome release, so great was his suffering; his withdrawal from active life made a serious void in Italian Opera which no one has as yet filled.

We now proceed to a complete catalogue of his dramatic works in their due chronological order.

No.	A. D.		
1	1818	Venice	"Enrico di Borgogna."
2	1819		"Il Falegname di Livonia."
3	1820	Montua	"Le Nozze in Villa."
4	1822	Rome	"Zoride di Granata."
5	Naples	"La Zingara."
6		"La Lettera Anonima."
7	Milan	"Chiara e Serafina," o, "I Pirati."
8	1823	Naples	"Il Fortunato Innamorato."
9		"Arista."
10	Venice	"Una Follia."
11		"Alfredo il Grande."
12	1824	Rome	"L'Ajo nell'Imbarazzo."
13	Naples	"Emilia," o, "L'Eremitaggio di Live- [pool.
14	1826	Palermo	"Alabor in Granata."
15		"Il Castello degli Invalidi."
16	Naples	"Elmida."
17	1827	Rome	"Olivo e Pasquale."
18	Naples	"Il Borgomastro di Saardam."
19		"Le Convenienze Teatrali."
20		"Otto mesi in due ore."
21	1828		"L'Esule di Roma."
22	Genoa	"La Regina di Golconda."
23	Naples	"Gianni di Calais."
24		"Giovetti Grano."
25	1829		"Il Paria."
26		"Il Castello di Kenilworth."
27		"Il Diluvio Universale."
28		"I Pazzi per progresso."
29		"Francesca di Foix."
30		"Smeda de Lambertazzi."
31		"La Romandera."
32	1830	Milan	"* Anna Bolena."
33	Naples	"Fausta."
34	1832	Milan	"Ugo, Conte di Parigi."
35		"L'Elisir d'Amore."
36		"Lancia di Castiglia." [mingo."
37	1833	Rome	"Il Furioso," o, "L'Isola di S. Do-"
38	Florence	"Parisina."
39	Rome	"Torquato Tasso."
40	1834	Milan	"* Lucresia Borgia."
41	Florence	"Rosmonda d'Inghilterra."
42	Naples	"Maria Stuarda."
43	1835	Milan	"* Gemma di Vergy."
44	Paris	"Marino Faliero."
45	Naples	"* Lucia di Lammermoor."
46	1836	Venice	"Belisario."
47	Naples	"Il Campanello di Notte."
48		"Belly."
49		"L'Assedio di Calais."
50	1837	Venice	"* Pia de Tolomei."
51	Naples	"* Roberto Devereux."
52	1838	Venice	"* Maria di Rudens."
53	1839	Milan	"* Gianni di Parigi."
54	1840	Paris	"* La Fille du Regiment."
55		"Les Martyrs."
56		"* La Favorite."
57	1841	Rome	"* Adelia," o, "La Figlia del Arciere."
58	1842	Milan	"* Maria Padilla."
59	Vienna	"* Linda di Chamouni."
60	1843	Paris	"* Don Pasquale."
61	Vienna	"* Maria di Rohan."
62	Paris	"* Don Sebastien."
63	1844	Naples	"* Catarina Cornaro."
And, 64	—	—	"Le Duc d'Albe," (hitherto unpublished and unre-
			presented.

There is treasured up also on the shelves of the Opéra-Comique at Paris, a little one-act operetta, of which the title has not as yet transpired. It is almost beyond a doubt, but that both this and "*Le Duc d'Albe*" will one day be brought forward on the respective boards for which they were originally destined. Independently of his dramatic works, Donizetti had composed several Masses and vesper services, besides other church music. In Italy, innumerable *Pezzi da Camera*, in the shape of *arias*, *cavatins*, *duettes*, &c. A series of vocal pieces published at Paris under the title of "*Soirées du Pausilippe*."—A cantata on "*La Morte d'Ugolini*," and a dozen quartets for stringed instruments.

Whilst mentioning "*La Favorite*," we cited an example of Donizetti's facility at composition; we now quote another to prove that he united generosity with talent. During his stay at Naples in 1836—he was given to understand that an obscure little theatre was about to close, and that the performers attached to it were in a dreadful state of distress; he sought them out, and gave them all the money he then had, for the immediate relief of their wants. "Ah!" said one of the artists to him, "you would make us actually rich, were you to give us a new opera!" "As to that," replied the *maestro*, "you shall have one within a week." A libretto was required, but, not a single dramatist would contribute one to the sinking establishment. Donizetti, calling to his recollection a *vaudeville* which he had formerly seen at Paris, entitled "*La Sonnette de Nuit*," made a translation of the same in less than a day: eight days after, the opera of "*Il Campanello di Notte*" was finished, learned, performed—and the theatre saved!

It will be thus seen that Donizetti was of a literary turn, for he proved on two other occasions that he could unite the talents of the poet to those of the musician; he translated himself the two

* N. B. The o marked with an asterisk have been produced in New York and Boston.—[Ed.]

libretti of "*La Fille du Regiment*" and "*Betty*."

He married, at Rome, the daughter of a solicitor of that place. This union, though a happy one, turned out but of short duration. He lost two children during their infancy, and his wife was again *enceinte* when she expired of cholera in 1835. Desolate under his bereavement, he transferred all the affection from his wife to her brother M. Vasrelli, with whom he was ever afterwards united in the bonds of a most affectionate friendship and relationship.

Donizetti was tall, and his frank and open countenance bore testimony to the excellency of the heart and mind that animated it; it was impossible to approach him without liking him, because he continually gave people the opportunity of appreciating one or other of his many good qualities. Whenever he composed, he always had a small ivory scraper carefully laid beside his manuscript. On being once questioned as to the continual presence of an instrument of which he made so little use, he replied—"This scraper was presented to me by my father, when he pardoned me and gave his consent that I should become a musician. I have always taken the greatest care of it, and though I use it but little, it is a comfort to me to have it by my side whenever I compose; as it seems ever to bring with its presence a father's blessing"—these few words delivered with so much simplicity and sincerity will suffice to prove how full of heart was Donizetti. In composing, he worked without a piano-forte, and wrote on facilely without stopping; it would have been impossible to believe the actual kind of work he was engaged upon, since continuous and unremitting practice had given him the most clear-sighted and ready facility.

When, at the commencement of his painful malady, he was placed in the asylum at Ivry, his appointed keeper was one of the officers of the place, named Antoine. Although poor Donizetti's intellects were then much shattered, he still manifested a disposition of much kindness, and Antoine became so much attached to his patient, that he never left him; this excellent man did not cease to give the most touching, assiduous, and disinterested attention to him, until his last moments. There is a letter from this Antoine to Donizetti's dear friend M. Adolphe Adam, in which he describes the final sufferings of the renowned *maestro*; though these portions of the letter are too harrowing and painful for us to quote here, we cannot conclude without giving the affectionate guardian's own account of the funeral honors bestowed on his poor master's memory.

"... The obsequies took place yesterday; the excellent M. Dolci took all the arrangements upon himself, and neglected nothing which should render them worthy of the glory of so great and good a man. More than four thousand persons were present at the ceremony. The procession was composed of the numerous clergy of Bergamo, the most illustrious members of the community and its environs, and of the civic guard of the town and suburbs. The discharges of musketry mingled with the light of three or four hundred large torches presented a fine effect—the whole was enhanced by the presence of three military bands, and the most propitious weather it was possible to behold. The service commenced at ten o'clock in the morning, and did not conclude until half past two. The young gentry of Bergamo insisted on bearing the remains of their illustrious fellow-citizen, although the cemetery in which they finally rested lay at the distance of a league and a half from the town. The road there was crowded along its whole length by crowds of people who came from the surrounding country to witness the procession,—and, to give due praise to the inhabitants of Bergamo, never hitherto had such great honors been bestowed on any member of that city."

Donizetti was Director of the *Conservatorio* at Naples; *Kapellmeister* to the Emperor of Austria; and was decorated with the Legion of Honor, as well as with several other orders. Two better mementos of him have survived all these vain dignities—the admiration of his works, and the esteem and love of those who knew, and could appreciate, his nobleness of character and most intrinsic goodness.

Sonnets on Musical Instruments.

By C. P. CRANCH.

I.

THE VIOLIN.

The versatile, discursive Violin,
Light, tender, brilliant, passionate or calm,
Sliding with careless nonchalance within
His range of ready utterance, wins the palm
Of victory o'er his fellows for his grace;
Fine fluent speaker, polished gentleman—
Well may he be the leader in the race
Of blending instruments—fighting in the van
With conscious ease and fine chivalric speed;
A very Bayard in the field of sound,
Rallying his struggling followers in their need,
And spurring them to keep their hard-earned ground.
So the fifth Henry fought at Azincour,
And led his followers to the breach once more.

II.

THE VIOLONCELLO.

Larger and more matured, deeper in thought,
Slower in speech, and of a graver tone,
His ardour softened, as if years had wrought
Wise moods upon him, living all alone,
A calm and philosophic hermit;
Yet, at some feeling of remembered things,
Or passion smothered, but not purged quite,
Hark! what a depth of sorrow in those strings;
See, what a storm grows in his angry breast!
Yet list again—his voice no longer moans,
The storm hath spent its rage and is at rest;
Strong, self-possessed the Violoncello's tones,
But yet too oft, like Hamlet, seem to me
A high soul struggling with its destiny.

III.

THE OBOE.

Now come with me beside the sedgy brook,
Far in the fields, away from crowded street;
Into the flowing water let us look,
While o'er our heads the whispering elm-trees meet.
There will we listen to a simple tale
Of fireside pleasures and of shepherds' loves.
A reedy voice, sweet as the nightingale,
As tender as the cooing of the doves,
Shall sing of Corydon and Amaryllis;
The grasshopper shall chirp, the bee shall hum,
The stream shall murmur to the waterlilies,
And all the sounds of summer-noon shall come,
And, mingling in the Oboe's pastoral tone,
Make thee forget that man did ever sigh and moan.

IV.

TRUMPETS AND TROMBONES.

A band of martial riders next I hear,
Whose sharp brass voices cut and rend the air.
The shepherd's tale is mute, and now the ear
Is filled with a wilder clang than it can bear;
Those arrowy trumpet notes so short and bright,
The long-drawn wailing of that loud Trombone,
Tell of the bloody and tumultuous fight,
The march of victory and the dying groan;
O'er the green fields the serried squadrons pour,
Killing and burning like the bolts of heaven;
The sweetest flowers with cannon-smoke and gore
Are all profaned, and Innocence is driven
Forth from her cottages and woody streams,
While over all red Battle fiercely gleams.

V.

THE HORNS.

But who are these, far in the leafy wood,
Murmuring such mellow, hesitating notes,
It seems the very breath of solitude,
Loading with dewy balm each breeze that floats?
They are a peasant group, I know them well,
The diffident, conscious Horns, whose muffled speech
But half expresses what their souls would tell,
Aiming at strains their skill can never reach;
An untaught rustic band; and yet how sweet
And soothing comes their music o'er the soul!
Dear Poets of the forest, who would meet
Your melodies save where wild waters roll?
Reminding us of him who by his plough
Walked with a laurel-wreath upon his brow!

The True End and Means of Musical Culture.

By Dr. MARK.

From the "Universal School of Music," (London.)

What, then, is the real and legitimate object of all musical culture?

Enjoyment of its Pleasures—this we pronounce to be the first object of the study and cultivation of music. A joyless occupation with music—and how frequently do we witness this—how common is the remark that, the joy with which the learner commenced the study has gradually given way to indifference, or even dislike!—a joyless occupation is pernicious to artistic culture, and more injurious to the learner than non-occupation, as it not only robs him of the time that might be devoted to other useful or pleasing pursuits, but also destroys his susceptibility for the charms of musical art.

But this enjoyment should be really *artistic*, not merely extraneous, still less anti-artistic. And here it is our duty, especially to warn against that prurient vanity which delights in displaying difficulties overcome, and technical dexterities acquired solely with a view to astonish others. Nothing is more foreign to genuine Art, which was given to us to raise us from the narrow sphere of personal existence and personal feeling, to the region of universal joy, love, and enthusiasm; nothing is more inimical and destructive to all true love for, and enjoyment of, the musical art, than this poisonous mildew which spreads itself over the practice as well as the productions of that art; nothing is surer to drag the mind from the purifying atmosphere of artistic activity down into a close and painfully oppressive region of envy, jealousy, and selfishness, than such an ill-concealed desire to shine; nothing, finally, reveals more clearly to the intelligent observer the wide gulf that separates vanity from the true perception of Art, than this mistaking of an external means for the legitimate purpose. And yet, how common are such vain desires and efforts in our concert-rooms and private circles! How seldom is it the real intention of our virtuosi and amateurs to delight their hearers; how much more anxious are they to create astonishment amongst the less-practised or unartistic crowds, by newly invented sleights of hand, the legerdemains of a Döhler, Henselt, Thalberg, or whatever may be the name of the latest twelve-finger composer! And how often do we find teachers encouraging such doings, in order to gain new pupils by applause obtained in this manner! The lowest, most unconscious, and merely sensual enjoyment of music, the most superficial delight in a tripping dance tune is more artistic, noble, and fruitful than this wide-spread abomination; a chaste and feeling performance of the most insignificant ballad, or the lightest waltz, is, to a man of real musical knowledge, a better proof of the abilities both of pupil and master, than those prematurely forced, and after all exceedingly cheap, artifices of vanity.

For the mere sensual delight in Art also awakens an immediate spiritual interest; and it is this *spiritual interest in Art* which we consider as the highest aim of all artistic culture. Let us only be careful not to close the mind and heart in capricious and perverted efforts, tending to suppress or disturb our feelings and the inward working of our spirit, and the immediate sensual impressions from a work of Art will infuse new life through the nerves, a more elevated pleasure through the mind—a life and pleasure such as pure artistic enjoyment can alone impart; the certainty that those around us participate in our feelings will thaw the rigid crust of egotism, and this mutual pleasure will ensure the sympathy and love of our associated friends. The heart opens itself gladly to a new sensation, a new emotion, such as a work of Art excites; it receives the new impressions more readily and fondly, because they are free from the dross and asperities of personality; it is a communion of soul with soul, full of mutual sympathy, and yet free from any material, or otherwise disturbing, adjunct. And thus, the aerial creations of the composer pass their significant existence before us, and dwell with us—now in joy, now in sorrow—just as conceived by the artist, but always innocent and uncorrupted. In union with our personal existence is one of ever-varying ideal-

ity, and we experience within ourselves its immeasurable richness, when compared with the narrow sphere of our material life. Conditions and persons long extinct—those charming images conjured up from Hellas and the superstitions of the East, by Gluck—the patriarchal simplicity and grandeur of that people, from whose night was to raise the light of the world, portrayed in Handel's majestic songs—the furious contentions of the Pharisees and their followers, in opposition to the serene holiness of the New Covenant, in Bach's imperishable strains—all this is brought home to us, and the far distant past becomes an imaginary present existence. All that can charm the human heart in innocence, joy, tenderness, or childlike caprice; all that breathless, burning love, exulting delight, or graceful play of affection and humor can present to our excited feelings; the mysterious searching of the mind into its own innate existence, into the hidden depths of the nature of all beings—all that was given to a Haydn, a Mozart, or a Beethoven, to reveal—the whole unbounded range of the spiritual and ideal world, which no word can describe and no mortal eye behold—all is open to us, it is bestowed on us as our own.

To live in and for our Art, to open our whole mind and heart to its influence, in short, to cultivate it in the proper manner—this is the condition on which its invaluable gifts are offered to us. But it is an *indispensable condition*.

It is not the possession of great artists and great works of Art which secures to a nation, or even to its more gifted individuals, the successful cultivation and the full enjoyment of an Art. Were this the case, no nation would stand more securely upon the pinnacle of musical cultivation than Germany, whose composers have been, at least for a century, the exponents of the richest and most exalted ideas ever embodied in sounds. And yet we have had to experience, in one single century, three different periods of decline, immediately succeeding the days of the highest elevation to which music was successively raised by Bach and Handel—Gluck, Haydn, and Mozart—and, lastly, Beethoven. Indeed, were we disposed to accede to the loudest and most numerous assertions of the day, it would almost appear that all had perished, excepting the memory of the past, that nowhere can a trace be found of that spirit which pervades and which created the masterpieces of former days.

Mere hearing, or an entire dependence upon the ear, is still less deserving of confidence as a means of cultivation, notwithstanding that it must form the basis of, and become our guide through, the whole course of musical education. For we hear both *bad* and *good* music, and we discover, not only that the feeble and impure produces its effect (often more rapid and extensive,) as well as the pure and elevated; but also, that in this circumstance we are compelled to recognize a proof of the power of musical sounds, which, under its most imperfect development, still exercises so great a sway over the human mind and feelings, even when unsupported by the influence of auxiliaries, prejudice, or fashion. Indeed, it is undeniable that this sensual power of music often imparts an effect to the performance of works of little intrinsic merit which surprises even the experienced musician, especially when the performance is of a massive character, and is aided by considerable, perhaps over-estimated, talent. It is the power of masses and the real or assumed talent of the principal performers, but not the work itself, which produces such effects. This shows us, on the one hand, how weak is that defence of an artistic production of dubious character which is grounded upon its success; on the other, how hastily those judge and act, who fancy that excellence is alone sufficient to ensure victory. Yes, it will prevail in the end! It will be transmitted from one generation to another, and the edifice of Art will attain as glorious a perfection as has been promised to mankind. It is, however, a different question, whether this certain assurance will justify us in overlooking and neglecting this artistic and moral elevation of the present generation, when it is in our power to promote it. The history of the world counts by centuries and wide

intervals, like those between the stars in the firmament, separating from each other epochs of human progress; but the short span of human life could not dispense with a single ray of the beneficent lustre of those stars.

Lastly: the merely abstract, *i. e.* technical, mechanical, or exclusively scientific cultivation of music, is equally incapable of leading us to that spring which is the fountain head of Art. It is an observation which we have unfortunately too frequent occasion to make, that such a false, abstract cultivation leaves the mind void and barren, and year after year causes noble germs of life and artistic joy to wither and die. We have but too frequently occasion to notice that the most superficial ideas of the nature and purpose of Art, the greatest indifference as to its real advancement, and the widest aberrations from its true and legitimate course, are to be found amongst those disciples of technical and abstract science, amongst our *virtuosi* and those *dilettanti* who follow in their wake, amongst our professors of thorough-bass and æsthetical writers on music.

A proper artistic education, like genuine Art itself, does not aim at mere mechanical proficiency, which constitutes the merit of an artisan—nor does it lay great value upon mere external contemplation, which leads away from the living fountain of Art to dead abstraction; but is directed towards the soul and essence of the thing. The task which it proposes to itself is to impart to every individual, or at least to as many individuals in a nation as possible, a proper idea of the real nature and object of Art, and to ripen this perception into active life.

This task divides itself into two distinct operations. The first is to discover in the student the germs of artistic susceptibility and talent, to awaken and animate them, to remove the obstacles tending to obstruct their growth, and to train and foster them, so that they may become living powers. The second is to take, from the highest artistic point of view, a survey of all that Art is intended to effect, or is capable of effecting, and has already achieved. All this, or as much as each individual is capable of receiving, is now to be imparted to the student. It is not the hand or ear only which it purposes to teach and train; but it aims to penetrate through the medium of the senses to the soul, and by exciting his feelings to awaken his artistic consciousness. This done, the waves of sound may now flow through the air: that which has been internally perceived, which has become the property of the thinking mind, will remain a secure acquisition, a safe foundation for farther operations.

Such is the task of a proper artistic education, sketched in fugitive outlines: the training of the natural abilities, of feeling and understanding, to the highest attainable point of perfection. This is the only means and indispensable condition of a really pure and complete enjoyment of all the blessings which Art can bestow; this is also, more or less, the clearly perceived aim of all those who devote their lives and energies wholly or partially to artistic pursuits—this is especially, whether it be or be not acknowledged, the undeniable and indispensable duty of every teacher.

Would it be an empty dream to wish for our nation, endowed as it is with so much musical talent, a general and really national musical education, in this highest and only true sense of the word? Are not both the wants and claims of our nation clearly indicated by its innate mental depth and fertility, to which the names of hundreds upon hundreds possessed of distinguished talents, and the successful attempts at the very highest tasks in every walk of Art, bear such undeniable testimony? Is our national song—richer, grander, and more deeply felt than that of any other people—never again to resume its important and legitimate place in our public festivals? Is our Protestant church for ever to remain deprived of her own proper and befitting music, which centuries have prepared and perfected for her? Is the Catholic church, in which music constitutes such an important element of worship, to experience in our own country the same continued degradation of the sacred song as in Italy, where strains from Rossini's, Bellini's, and Auber's operas de-

crate the holiest moments of devotion; or in Spain, where all church music has ceased, save the chanting of the priest? We do not apprehend such a result; and every one who looks into the future with the same confidence as we, will find in it a stimulus to unremitting exertion. For an industrious and energetic nation like ours, something better and higher is in store, than the mere sensual delights which tender Nature bestows on her children of the South, to wile away their sweet hours of leisure.

The word and labor of a single individual can, however, effect but little in such a matter; the mass of accidental and intentional obstructions is too great to be overcome by the efforts of one man, or a small number of men. But government may accomplish the task, provided it have not only the right will, but also succeed in finding the right men to carry out its designs—not mere *artisans*, who live by and teach Art as a trade; but men who have made the spirit of Art, as well as its forms, the understanding of its genius, as well as the mastery of its technical difficulties, the task of their lives.

Lastly, and irrespectively of everything that has been said, we have to acknowledge that this condition and culture of Art amongst a nation is altogether dependent upon its political and moral condition; a circumstance which accounts in particular for the direction Art has taken amongst us during the last twenty or thirty years. The whole history of Art, however, testifies that in this respect also, the destiny of a nation is controlled by supreme intelligence and goodness, and not exposed to the whims of a blind fate. Let every one, therefore, cheerfully do his best, and trust that ultimately a blessing will surely attend his honest efforts.

Meyerbeer's "Robert Le Diable."

Some years since a rich Dutchman commenced forming a library of a thousand volumes, consisting entirely of playbills published in all parts of the world. He spared no expense, no trouble, to complete this collection of singular statistics. Through correspondents in the principal towns in Europe, he obtained all the yellow, red, and blue placards which are to be seen daily on the walls of theatres. Having made his selection he classified those he had chosen, and had them bound. In this singular library, are to be found the *débûts*, the benefits, the names of all the actors, the expedients of managers driven to extremities, the varied history, the stirring life of the dramatic crowd, who, rushing from theatre to theatre—applauded in some, condemned in others,—changing from one rôle to another, sometimes covered with diamonds, sometimes with tinsel—occasionally rising to the top of the profession by their talents or good luck, and afterwards falling from the first parts to mere *supers*,—playing the lovers in company with five or six successive generations, or ending their career by disappearing to retire—the more fortunate to their ease, the more unfortunate to the hospital; this bustling history of a world quite separate from ours—a world which lives every night before the foot-lights—is written in these bills, in every description of letter used by printers, and tells—how truly—the increase or diminution of the actor's reputation, marked by the size or form of the type in which his name appears.

The drama has also its history and its patent of nobility in these archives. From this pile of advertisements, collected with so much labor, it appeared that the operas which were most frequently represented within a quarter of a century, up to the year 1840, were *Der Freischütz*, *Tancredi*, and *Robert le Diable*. We shall not attempt to base any theory upon this singular similarity of success. It would be difficult, for instance, to tell why the public has always given so decided a preference to *Tancredi*, above all Rossini's *chefs d'œuvre*, unless we can attribute it to the well-known air, *Di tanti palpiti*, which has been sung by the whole world, and has been even heard by travellers in most remote regions of South America. Whatever the cause, the universal success of *Robert le Diable* is easily un-

derstood. The music comprises specimens of every style; and each auditor may generally select from this fine opera some favorite air for his particular keeping. The story is considered philosophical in France, poetical in Germany, picturesque in Italy, interesting everywhere. All nations and people of every age, are pleased with tales of wonder, and delight in fables. The Devil, who has a son whom with paternal kindness he wishes to bring into the infernal regions, has always been considered a most natural character by every one. Add to this the great variety of the situations, the novelty of some of the passions put in movement, the diversity and the splendor of the scenery and dresses, the nature of the dances, graceful and serious at the same time, the supernatural apparitions, and above all the admirable music, so perfect, that fresh beauties develop themselves upon each repetition of it; and we cannot feel surprised that the world has made this work known, and that it must continue to enchant the eyes and ears of all audiences.

Robert, in the first eight years after its production, was performed in one thousand eight hundred and forty-three (1,843) European theatres. It was first produced in November, 1831, and it is not easy to imagine the influence its immense success has had upon Art and artists. What successive generations of *tenori*, of *prime donne*, have essayed the parts of Robert, of Alice, and of Isabelle! How many instrumental performers have learned, executed, varied, and arranged this music! Singers do not last long, particularly tenors; they disappear after a short career, and are heard of no more. At the opera in Paris, a few years makes a striking change; they produce three or four Roberts, and five or six Alices, who pass away as quickly; without speaking of the other characters. We could well fill a library, although, perhaps, not usefully, with the pieces arranged by a thousand composers from the airs of this opera; and in 1824, in Paris—will it be believed,—a grand Mass was selected from its inexhaustible stores. Everywhere, at the theatre, in the tavern, at military parades, in the churches, at concerts, in the cottage, and in the palace, was and is to be heard the delicious music of *Robert*. Goethe pretty nearly predicted its success—he pointed at Meyerbeer as the only composer, in his opinion, who could understand Mephistopheles, and bring him upon the stage. But Goethe entertained a most patriotic antipathy to Italian music, and would not have considered even *Robert* as sufficiently orthodox. Nevertheless, Germany seized upon it as being essentially German, and within two or three years it was played in all the German States. At Vienna however, the *censure* forbade the representation of this great work, German religionists being too strict to permit the production of devils and saints, of monks and the church, the cross and the gates of hell, upon the stage. However, the music was so fine, and was spoken of so enthusiastically, that permission was obtained to produce it, suppressing the scenes of the cross and the nuns, in the third act, and the church scene in the fifth act; thus changing the plot, and giving to the opera the name of *Robert de Normandie*. Unfortunately, however, it was produced in a less mutilated condition, at two of the Vienna theatres, and as usual was most successful.

In London it has been played at four theatres at the same time. Six months after its representation in Paris, during the ravages of the cholera, Nourrit, Levasseur, and Madame Damoreau were preparing to bring it out in London. In the meanwhile, an attempt had been made to produce it in English, but this was difficult, as the music had not been published. Bishop went to Paris, obtained some isolated portions of it, attended every representation, remembered all he could, invented the remainder, and arranged it *à la Bishop*, giving a mere sketch; took merely the outlines, like a traveler making a hasty sketch of a picturesque site while rolling along *au grand galop*.

Notwithstanding its many deficiencies and faults, *Robert* thus arranged, met with great success, though we can imagine how much it lost in crossing the channel, when it was necessary to

play two other pieces to fill up the evenings of its performance.

In Italy also, *Robert* was rejected by the *censure* at the moment Milan, Florence, and Trieste were preparing translations of it. But in a few years afterwards the Marchese Martellini obtained permission to produce it at Florence, and Nourrit was engaged to sing his usual rôle. A few days before his death, his mind was full of his first appearance as *Robert* in Italy; and in his last letters he spoke warmly and feelingly of the great success he anticipated. In 1840—41, *Robert* was at length given at Florence on the stage of the Pergola, and played to crowded and applauding houses four or five nights a week, for the greater part of the Carnival, and drew to *la bella città* crowds of *fanatici per la musica* from all parts of Italy.

We shall not trace the history of *Robert* any further. It is too well known to our readers.—*Message Bird.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 27, 1853.

Composer and Public.

We are indebted to a correspondent for the following extract from a German letter. The thought which it contains is an important one, and goes some way to explain and settle, in the sphere of music, the old difference of genius *versus* popularity. We think the limited reception of Schumann's music, compared with that of Mozart, Mendelssohn and Beethoven, is here well accounted for, without denying Schumann to possess rare genius. But if Schumann's earlier works were more marked by wealth and nobleness of musical ideas, than by mastery of the means of clear, appreciable expression, it was but the fault of inexperience; and we believe it to be generally admitted that his later efforts have been more acceptable upon the score of clearness and symmetry of form, and of that sort of euphony which at once engages the general ear.

The great mass, the public, necessarily must always and everywhere consist of musically uneducated, or at least only partly educated persons, and cannot be expected to imbue the composer with respect for their opinion. And yet this same public is the great power, the tribunal so much dreaded; and every one who appears before it with a labor of his mind, wishes to be well received and to make a good impression, however at bottom of the heart he may despise it.

The question is now: Must the composer when creating his work, consider the million?

We leave aside the species of so-called artists, who know of no other aim but to gain the acclamation of the multitude, and for this deny their proper nature; and again, such as do not rise beyond the level, where the multitude are kept by their taste and powers of conception. Suppose that such an artist meets success, that he becomes the lion of the day:—he has his reward by disappearing with the changing fashion and by being forgotten equally as fast as he has risen. The true artist, however, must strive for a higher end; the world in which he lives is not the acre around him; he follows his genius, he pours out his own innermost thoughts, which fill his soul. For him there is only one danger,—that his imagination carry him astray on false paths; that his mode of conception grow more abstractedly artistic than purely human; that the *tone-means* which he employs in expressing his ideas be not always the most adequate and practical; and that his work in

consequence be misunderstood, or at least, remain without response.

Here, I think, is the point, where the composer ought to be deliberate. He must consider that Music is an Art which requires as its means the sense of hearing, and which, therefore, is approachable by *all*, and that he makes no sacrifice in the value of his work, if he smoothes the way to its understanding by dint of due consideration of that mediating sense. He therefore must strive for a fine *tone-effect*, for an appropriate treatment of the instruments and of the human voice, and he must make a rational use of the assistance and advantages which the latter lend. Such an immeasurable genius as Beethoven, who secluded himself more and more from the external world, could follow his muse unguardedly, and finally leave aside all such aids. But I apprehend that even he did not escape the danger intimated above, particularly in his last period, and that the non-consideration of this danger has been of disadvantage, especially in his vocal compositions. I refer, for instance, to his D minor Symphony (the Choral) and the piano works of his last period. Schumann has failed often in a similar direction. In his opera "*Genoëva*," he introduces many songs, which are entirely unsatisfactory to the performers; and the opera, simply for this reason, could not escape its unavoidable doom, in spite of all the beauties in the choruses and the orchestral part.

In this respect Mozart and Mendelssohn have understood better their advantage; without injuring the conceptions of their genius, they did not disdain to surround their music with sensual beauties. I allow that Mendelssohn sometimes has proceeded in too reflective a manner, but he still reached the immediate beautiful effect, avoiding the reproach, "that the intention is perceived," which, for instance, you can hardly ever withhold from Meyerbeer, who wastes his talent by an empty contending for effect.

In opposition to Schumann, Mendelssohn may be called objective in that sense, that is in his relation to the work which he is about creating; but his compositions appear no less subjective, for he has left on all his works a very individual type, that specifically Mendelssohnian stamp. And this again, in a like manner, can hardly be said of Schumann's musical thought and expression, with his greater share of ideas and wider horizon. Mozart also had much that was stereotyped and constantly recurring in his work, so that he was wanting in complete objectivity, and it was only given to one, to Beethoven, to keep each work completely separate and objective, to appear *new* in each, and still always the same great and powerful Beethoven.

MORE NATIVISM.—"Native Musician" does not favor us again this week; but in lieu of such amusement we can treat our readers to a few delectable specimens from a new musical journal, which we find upon our desk, and which is altogether devoted to the cause of nativism in general, and to the advertisement of its editor's new psalm book in particular.

Indeed, musical "native Americanism" has now two organs of its own, so that we need no longer publish the anonymous squibs which we receive, to show the nature of the animal. The first is a semi-monthly, called *par excellence* the "*Boston Musical Journal*," and edited by Messrs. B. F. Baker and A. N. Johnson. The second, the one from which we quote, is circulated gratis, to the extent of 30,000 copies (according to its own account) and is called "*Bird's Musical Advertiser*." It commences: "We" (Bird) "have made a book, a singing book," &c., which it

proceeds forthwith to announce and recommend as glibly as if it were some new nostrum or elixir, under the title of the "*Singing School Companion*." This editor is a deadly foe to all foreigners and foreign influence in music. By music he appears to mean simply and exclusively an affair of country choirs and singing schools. He is virtuously indignant against our young countrymen who go to Europe to learn music; puts our friends in Leipsic under sanctimonious ban, for finding quartets of Beethoven and Schubert on a Sunday more edifying than the ninety-nine millions of Yankee psalm-tunes; asks what sort of choir-leaders they will make when they come home, &c., as if that were the end and aim of all true musical culture. But for the specimens; here is the musical creed which it is deemed so important to instil into the minds and hearts of Young America.

We do not dislike foreign musicians, we have the highest respect for some of them; but for that toadyism which is blind to everything which is not imported, we feel the utmost contempt. We have no doubt young men may improve themselves as musicians by practice and study in Europe, but there would be as much sense in importing and adopting the old worn out system, by which Europe is governed, as to think of teaching the masses here, music by any imported system, German or Italian. We want an American system, —and we will have it.(!)

Lowell Mason has already done more to create happiness, more to introduce this most innocent and pleasing accomplishment to the notice of the millions, than all the foreign teachers have done or will do in nine hundred and ninety-nine years. B. F. Baker will this year, through the influence of his meetings in Boston and other places, do more to educate the mass of young people musically, than all the foreign musicians in America.

Foreign musicians have carried millions of dollars of our money away, and left those who have paid it unfit to enjoy good, simple music, [of the birds?] especially the music of the church [i. e. Yankee Psalmody.]

Will Teachers be so good as to examine the "elements" of the SINGING SCHOOL COMPANION. They are not imitations of any system, they are our own, and was the result of years of experience, with our eyes open to the want of a better system for teachers. They have been approved by many of the best teachers of music in the country, and we venture to hope they will be by others who have not yet seen them.

Four million copies of the "*Singing School Companion*" sold. So a friend said he was told the other day, and he congratulated us upon our success. We told him it was not so, and we should not sell that number in less than two years.

Do singers quarrel? Yes, about half as much as other people. Do they enjoy themselves? First rate. Just as they deserve to.

We don't mean to praise our book, and therefore only say that it is the cheapest, the best, the handsomest, and the most popular book which was ever published.

Don't go to sleep in the singing seats; you may snore, or you may swallow a fly and get choked.

The above will show how wittily, entertainingly, patriotically and piously the whole sheet is edited. Now, here is our paraphrase of extract number one:

We do not dislike native musicians; we have the highest respect for some of them, whom we see to have more real earnest artistic aspiration than they have of the self-advertising, mercenary spirit; but for that narrow-minded, selfish dread of seeing music in this country judged according

to the European, (i. e. the artistic) standard, lest it should spoil the trade of mechanical psalm-book and sentimental song manufacturers, we feel more patriotic shame than individual contempt. We have no doubt young men may learn the elements of music well enough at home of native teachers, and that much true musical impulse is evolved from our thoroughly "native" musical "conventions," so-called; but there would be as much sense in importing and imitating the Chinese music, as in thinking to discover any germ of a high, original, American Art, in such dry, impotent, mechanical manufactures, as go forth annually in cart-loads from the great mill of the psalm-book makers (as a class, we mean). We too want, hope for and believe in, not an "American system" in music, but an American new era of musical Art; a new manifestation of musical genius, which will be distinguished not by narrow nationality, but by the universality, the generous humanity, the broad and glorious inspiration that shall make it the language of a brighter period of a whole human family redeemed and reconciled; but such a music, when it comes, will wear no traces of a blood or spiritual relationship with what is called New England psalmody and musical trading "professors;" these will first have to be scourged out of the temple like the money-changers of old.

A New Church Organ.

MR. DWIGHT,

DEAR SIR:—I visited, by invitation of the well-known organ-builder, Mr. Thomas Appleton, yesterday, his manufactory at Reading, to see and test the qualities of an organ which he had just completed for the use of the new Unitarian Church, in Bangor, Me., to be played upon by Mr. John Tufts.

The organ is twenty-two feet high, fourteen feet wide, and ten feet deep. Its case is made by Mr. Newman, of Andover, in a beautiful imitation of rosewood.

It has two manuals, the lower being the great organ, the upper, the swell with a choir bass; also pedals to the extent of two full octaves; and the position of this instrument in the church will be only six feet from the ground floor. (A great improvement; it would be still better if it were placed on the floor.)

The Great Organ comprises—

1. Stop Diapason, bass, {	56 pipes.
2. Melodia, }	
3. Open Diapason,	56 "
4. Tenoroon,	56 "
5. Viol d' Amore,	56 "
6. Keraulophon,	56 "
7. Flute,	56 "
8. Principal,	56 "
9. Fifteenth,	56 "
10. Twelfth,	56 "
11. Sequialtra, (3 ranks)	168 "
12. Trumpet, treble, }	
13. Trumpet, bass, }	56 "

Whole number, 728

The Swell comprises—

1. Stop Diapason,	44 pipes.
2. Open Diapason,	44 "
3. Bourdon,	44 "
4. Principal,	44 "
5. Viol da Gamba,	44 "
6. Night horn,	44 "
7. Cornet, (3 ranks)	132 "
8. Piccolo,	44 "
9. Hautboy,	44 "
10. Trumpet,	44 "
11. Tremulant,	44 "
Total,	528

The Choir Bass comprises—

1. Stop Diapason,	12 pipes.
2. Open Diapason,	12 "
3. Bourdon,	12 "
4. Principal,	12 "
Total,	48
Sub-Bass,	25

Also, the following Couples—

Great Organ and Swell.
Great Organ and Swell, an octave above.
Pedals and Great Organ.
Pedals and Great Organ, an octave above.
Pedals and Choir Bass.
Pedal Check.
Bellows Signal.

The total number of pipes, then, is 1,329.

Mr. Appleton, in building this fine organ, has fully sustained his well-earned reputation. The depth, fulness and richness of the diapasons, I have not heard excelled; the sweetness of the reed, and other fancy stops, is superb, especially the *Melodia*, *Viol d' Amore*, *Keraulophon*, *Night horn*, *Viol da Gamba* and *Hautboy*.

I have not seen an organ of that size which has given me such satisfaction, whether in detail or as a whole. I thank Mr. Appleton publicly, for giving me the opportunity of seeing and hearing it. He has a host of admirers who will rejoice to hear of his success; and I address this letter to you, my dear Sir, knowing your willingness in promulgating to your readers whatever may be useful to them and encouraging to a worthy man.

Yours Truly,

F. F. MÜLLER.

Boston, Aug. 20, 1853.

The writer of the above is well-known to the lovers of good organ music in our city, and his opinion, so spontaneously expressed, must carry weight with it. We congratulate our Bangor friends on the acquisition of a fine organ, since in the person of Mr. John Tufts, above alluded to, they possess a stirring, modest young "native musician" for an organist, who is in earnest with his Art, spending his energies in the true study and practice thereof, instead of in that self-advertisement and that jealousy of foreigners, which are so characteristic of many of our "native professors."

DONIZETTI.—Many times we have been asked for a life of this popular composer; but have in vain sought for any complete account of him, until now. The article on the first page of to-day's paper, is from the preface to the London edition to *Lucrezia Borgia*, published by Boosey & Co. We give it rather for its facts, than for its criticisms.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

SALE OF AN ORGAN.—We ask the attention of those interested to the advertisement in another column. The old Odeon organ is associated with some of our best musical experiences, and is in a condition to do excellent service again in any church or concert hall that may become its fortunate possessor.

GERMANIA SERENADE BAND.—We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of a spirited and life-like group picture of Mr. SCHNAPP and his seven musical confreres, all standing with their instruments ready for harmonious action. It is lithographed by Hoffmann, from a daguerreotype by Ives, and printed by P. Wagner. We are sure, many of the recipients of their sweet strains will be glad to possess themselves of this speaking memorial to the eye.

Foreign.

PARIS.—Mme. Charton Demeur is engaged at the Opera Comique, and will perform some of her favorite characters, including *Le Domino Noir* and *le Caid*. M. Corti has resigned the direction of the Théâtre Italien. One season has sufficed to show him the difficulties of operatic management. M. Blumenthal is in Paris, en route for Switzerland. Sivori has quite recovered from his late accident.

The French Opera, which is to re-open in a few days, with the *salle* completely cleansed, restored, and ornamented, is about, it is said, to cease to be under the direction of M. Roqueplan, whose affairs are believed to be in an embarrassed position. His successor will probably be M. Poisson, formerly manager of the Gymnase.—(From the Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle.)

BADEN-BADEN.—The first of the series of concerts intended to be given by Ernst, MM. Seligmann and Ehrlich took place on the 16th ult. The grand saloon could not contain half the crowd who flocked to hear these talented artists. The programme consisted solely of instrumental chamber-music—a quartet by Beethoven, variations for piano and violin by the same author, and solos by Ernst and Seligmann. The success was complete. For the second concert, which took place on the 23rd ult., Mlle. Wertheimer and M. Lyon were engaged. The lady sang an aria by Verdi, which did not meet with much success, but she had her revenge in an air from the *Carillon de Bruges*, for which she received three rounds of well-merited applause. M. Lyon sang twice; he has a very agreeable voice, and the audience were pleased with him. A trio by Beethoven was admirably executed by Ernst, Ehrlich, and Seligmann.

It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm that greeted Ernst in his *Feuillet d'album* (from the "Gages d'amitié"); and in his *Carnival de Venise*, the applause was immense, and the great violinist was unanimously proclaimed the German Paganini. A grand festival is announced for the 20th August, at which Hector Berlioz will conduct his *Symphonic cantate—Romeo et Juliette*.

COLOGNE.—Mlle. Johanna Wagner has made her debut in this city, and met with a success worthy of her great reputation. She appeared in the part of Romeo, and was well supported by Madame Rudersdorf, as Juliette.

WIESBADEN.—M. Vieuxtemps is about to give a concert at this fashionable town.

MAGDEBURG.—Herr Hartung, who is condemned to death for poisoning, has petitioned the King to adjourn his execution till he has finished an opera, of which he has written the libretto, and has almost finished the music!

Advertisements.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

THE large and well known Organ, built by Thomas Appleton for the BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC, will be sold at auction, unless previously disposed of, on Saturday, 10th of September next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the Hall of the Lowell Institute, where it now stands. The Organ is of large dimensions, being 2 feet in height, 16 feet in width, and 12 feet in depth; and cost \$5,500. It contains 27 Stops, viz: Great Organ, 11; Choir Organ, 8; Swell Organ, 8. It has all the modern improvements in the action, Coupling Stops, Pedals for Sub-Bass of two octaves, &c.; and in short, all that is usually put into the best Organs in the country. With regard to the quality of its tone, it is esteemed equal to any organ ever constructed by that well known builder.

BENJAMIN PERKINS,

Treas'r of Boston Academy of Music.

Boston, August, 1853.

STANDARD SINGING BOOK,

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PSALMISTA: OR CHOIR MELODIES.

THIS latest Book of Thomas Hastings and Wm. B. Bradbury gives the highest satisfaction in Choirs, Churches and Singing Schools. The following are important features in the book:

- 1st. The rudiments are presented in a very attractive manner, and combine both theory and practice.
- 2dly. The Music is beautiful, devotional and simple.
- 3dly. There is a sufficient variety to meet every religious exercise, and no other book is needed for choir practice where this is in use.
- 4thly. The type is large and plain, and paper good.
- 5thly. The price is sufficiently low to meet the wants of any Church or Choir.

Teachers and Choristers desiring a copy for examination, can have it sent free of postage, by remitting 60 cents to the publishers.

NEWMAN & IVISON.

178 Fulton street, New York.

For sale in Boston by W. J. Reynolds & Co., B. B. Mussey & Co., and Phillips, Sampson & Co. aug. 27, 53.

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Best Italian, German, French and English Strings,

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The best Book on Piano Instruction existing!

IN PRESS:—JULIUS KNORR'S GUIDE FOR TEACHERS ON THE PIANO. A full system of instruction, from the very outset, to artistic perfection, with full advice to teachers and pupils. Its progressive order, completeness, and the value of the pieces recommended, (about 200,) make it indispensable to teachers, and invaluable to all players. It is

THE BEST SELF-INSTRUCTOR EXISTANT.

It is also the ONLY KEY to the proper use of Julius Knorr's "Materials," and his "Large Method." Price 75 cents.

G. A. SCHMITT, Petersburg, Va.

iii 14 3m

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RIMBAULT'S HAND-BOOK OF SINGING: being the Second of Rimbault's Series of Elementary Music Works. Just published. Price 60 cents.
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JUST PUBLISHED: THE OPERA OF NORMA, with ENGLISH AND ITALIAN WORDS. Price \$2. Being No. 1 of "Ditson's Edition of Standard Operas."

"At the low price of two dollars this opera is accessible to every music-lover, and in a form convenient and beautiful."—*Journal of Music.*

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A YOUNG LADY is desirous of procuring a situation as **SOPRANO SINGER** in a Quartet Choir, by the 1st of October. Application to be made to Miss FANNY FRAZER, care of G. P. REED & Co., Tremont Row. Aug. 20.

L. O. EMERSON,

Teacher of the Piano-Forte and Singing.

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iii 13 3m.

A. W. FRENZEL,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, and late Leader of the "SAXONIA ORCHESTRA," having made Boston his residence, is prepared to give Lessons on the Piano-Forte and in Singing, both in the English and German languages; also to accompany with the violin more advanced pupils in the Sonata-duos of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c. During the summer season, Mr. F. offers his services to classes out of town. Or he will receive scholars, from the city or the country, at his Music Rooms, No. 4 Pine Street, Boston, where he may always be found before 10 A. M., and between the hours of 1 and 3 P. M.

iii 6

JONAS CHICKERING,

RESPECTFULLY gives notice to his friends and the public that, having recovered from the late disastrous effects produced by the destruction of his factory, he is now ready to receive orders for PIANOS, which he promises to execute with as much faithfulness and promptitude as heretofore.

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Mar. 5.

HEWS' PATENT
AMERICAN ACTION PIANO-FORTE.

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GEO. HEWS, 365 Washington St., Boston.

Apr. 10.

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Apr. 10.

BEETHOVEN'S ORATORIO OF ENGEDI, or DAVID IN THE WILDERNESS, known as the MOUNT OF OLIVES, is this day published in a neat, convenient form for the singer or concert-goer by

Geo. P. Reed & Co., Publishers,
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Jan. 8.

—Edward A. Balch,

NEW SINGING BOOK!

UNION OF POPULAR AUTHORS!!

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THOMAS HASTINGS,
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A COMPLETE LIBRARY OF CHURCH MUSIC. By WILLIAM B. BRADBURY and GEORGE F. ROOT, assisted by THOMAS HASTINGS and T. B. MASON.

It is believed that by a union of the experience and resources of so many distinguished authors, a work of peculiar interest and usefulness has been produced. It contains in all about one thousand compositions, thus affording opportunity to collect together all the old favorites, and yet to give an increased amount of new music.

Some features of the work may be mentioned as follows:

1. **PSALM AND HYMN TUNES.**—These may be divided into two classes, the old and the new. It is safe to assert that no previous similar work has contained nearly as many of the favorite compositions of all our most popular American as well as foreign authors. But few tunes are in familiar use in the vestries, social meetings or congregations of any portion of the land, which are not here preserved. Besides their own compositions, the authors have, by special arrangement, been permitted to make use of many of the favorite works of Mr. LOWELL MASON, and other distinguished authors.

The quantity of new tunes presented is also unusually large. Assistance from abroad has been enjoyed by foreign correspondence, as well as by untiring research among the works of the greatest composers of the past and present. But especially will the Shawm be found rich in its home department. Besides the authors themselves, many of our most celebrated American musicians have contributed to its pages.

2. **VARIETY OF METERS.**—While the chief portion of the work is devoted to those meters which are in most common use, there will be found tunes of every meter in use by any denomination. Some idea of the variety and completeness in this respect, may be obtained from the fact that there are over one hundred different meters represented.

3. **ANTHEMS, CHANTS, SET-PIECES, &c.**—Due attention has been paid to this portion of the work, and there will be found pieces appropriate to almost every possible religious occasion.

4. **The new Cantata (or Oratorio) entitled DANIEL; OR THE CAPTIVITY AND RESTORATION**, in three parts. The words are by C. M. Cady, Esq., assisted by Miss Frances Jane Crosby; the music by George F. Root and Wm. B. Bradbury. Though complete as a whole, and designed especially for Societies, Choirs, Singing Schools, &c., nearly all the choruses may be used as original pieces in the regular sanctuary service.

5. **THE SINGING CLASS**, is a department designed as a complete manual for Music Classes, which has received most careful attention. The brief space of time usually allotted to the study of the Elementary in Singing Schools has been kept in mind, and a new arrangement has been adopted, intertwining the practical with the theoretical from the very first lesson, and combining simplicity with progression. The introduction of quite a number of easy pieces and part songs in this elementary department is a feature which will help to keep in active exercise the interests of a class.

6. **INDEXES.**—The completeness of these will add much to the convenience of the work. The Chorister's Index refers to nearly every Hymn Book in use.

7. **THE BEAUTY OF THE TYPOGRAPHY** will elicit admiration.

8. **THE CHEAPNESS OF THE WORK**; though containing so greatly increased an amount of matter, and combining the labors of several authors, the price will not be greater than that of previous works.

Other points might be alluded to, but it is hoped every teacher of music and chorister will be sufficiently interested to make a careful examination of the work for himself. Any such can have a copy sent him free of postage, for examination, by remitting 60 cents to the publishers.

aug 13 4t

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MR. De RIBAS will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. Also MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANSPOSED, &c. Boston, April 28.

3m

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SIGNOR G. C. GUIDI respectfully informs his former pupils and the public, that he has resumed his instructions in SINGING, after the Italian school, with the intention to settle permanently in Boston. In order to accommodate those who may not wish to take private instruction, he will open classes for ladies and gentlemen, on moderate terms. None but good voices will be admitted. Terms liberal for persons intending to study for professional purposes.

Sig. G. can be consulted free upon any musical subject, daily, from 12 to 2, at Mr. Hew's Piano Manufactory, No. 365 Washington street, where terms and time for classes may be known.

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Feb. 5.

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THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully offers his services to the public as Teacher of the Piano-Forte, the Violin and the Guitar, also of Harmony and Singing, after a clear and easy method. He will also accompany pupils, both in seminars and in private houses, in the practice of Duets, Trios, &c.

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3m

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